

March 1943 APOLLO No. 218

APOLLO

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS
Editor and Manager: Wm. JENNINGS
Editorial and Publishing Office: MUNDENLEY, Nr. NORWICH, MUNDENLEY, 24
Advertising Office: 34 GLASS ROAD, BARNSLEY, S.W. 13. PROSPECT 2064
Price 2s. 6d.

Subscription Rates: 35s. per annum; U.S.A. \$7.50

CONTENTS

Articles appearing in Apollo Magazine are the copyright of Apollo Magazine Ltd. Reproduction in whole or in part without previous consent is forbidden.

Vol. XXXVII No. 218

	MARCH, 1943	PAGE
A Collection of Arms and Armour for the Nation. By CLEMENT MILWARD		9
The Herbert Greer French Collection. Cincinnati Art Museum. Part II. By HAROLD J. L. WRIGHT		27
What is an Artist? By HERBERT FURST		29
Chinese Ceramic Art—Decoartion. Part II. By EDGAR E. BLUETT		69
Old English Silver and Armorial Churches. By E. ALFRED JONES		69
Some Regency Furniture. By JOHN ELTON		69
Exhibition of Barye Bronzes		70
Art Notes. By PERSPEX		70
A Rare English Pewter Jug		72
Fragments of Old Glass. By MRS. WILLOUGHBY HODGSON, P.R.S.A.		72
Heraldry. By F. SYDNEY EDEN		74
Old English Tea Caddies. By G. BERNARD HUGHES		77
Some London Pewterers. By E. ALFRED JONES		77
Sale Notes		79



AN EXHIBITION OF BRONZES THE WORK OF ANTONIO LOUIS BARYE

Will be held at FRANK PARTRIDGE & SONS' GALLERIES, 26, KING STREET,
ST. JAMES'S, from MARCH 22nd

It comprises over forty models, the work of this, the greatest sculptor of the French School
of the early XIXth century

A COLLECTION OF ARMS AND ARMOUR FOR THE NATION

BY CLEMENT MILWARD

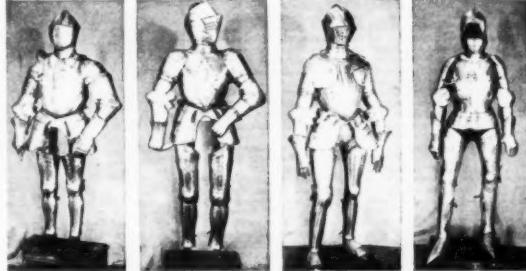


Fig. I. TILT ARMOUR
Etched and gilt, circa 1550
made for the Spanish Court

Fig. II. ETCHED AND
GILT SPANISH ARMOUR,
circa 1550, bearing the
insignia of the Order of
the Golden Fleece.

Fig. III. ARMOUR
Etched, circa 1550

Fig. IV. GOTHIC ARMOUR,
Italian, late XVth century

In these days of closed museums and stored treasures, the Exhibition of the recently purchased Norton Hall Collection at Hertford House comes as a pleasant surprise to those interested in the armaments of the past.

This is the first time that the National Art Collections' Fund has purchased *en bloc* a collection of arms and armour. It will only be on view for a few weeks, and will then be stored till after the war, when it goes to the Tower of London Armouries, to whom it is being presented.

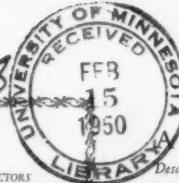
Apart from its contents, the collection is interesting for itself. It is clear that many collectors have long known of, but have never seen, and so has been "wropt in mystery" and filled with miraculous treasures. It is also a link with the palmy days of collecting in the XIXth century, when the loot of the Madrid Royal Armoury was sold at Christie's and the feudal armours of Europe were giving up their treasures to Pratt and his agents.

Five arms and armour have always been appreciated in Europe, but it was left to an Englishman, Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, to bring them into the realms of study and research, and to a coterie of English collectors, such as Meyrick, Brocas, Robert Curzon of Parham and others to lay the foundations of modern collecting in this country.

Among these early collectors was Beriah Botfield, a bibliophile, naturalist and antiquary, who formed this collection, which, from the date of his death in 1863, remained, as he left it, at Norton Hall, Devonshire. When he started collecting it is difficult to say. Some pieces probably came from the Christie Spanish sales of 1839 and 1840, while others are directly traceable to an Oxenham sale in 1841.

The famous Samuel Pratt of Bonn Street imported much armour from various sources in Spain, and this he sold by auction at Oxenham's Sale Rooms between 1840 and 1847 in no fewer than twenty sales.

53



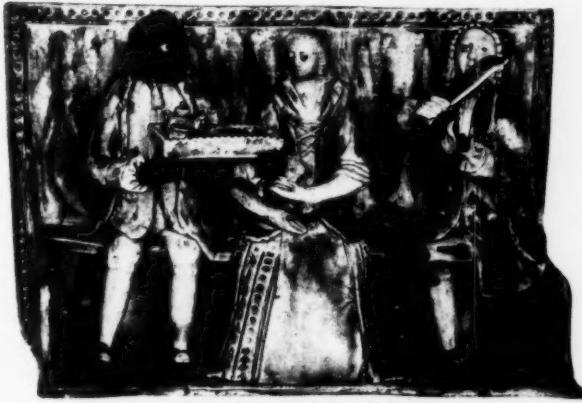
A RARITY IN ENGLISH CERAMICS

Described by J. R. COOKSON

In a general way, one were to ask "What is a Pew Group?" the answer would be "a piece of White Salt-Glaze Pottery with dark-brown clay trimmings, shaped as decoration." These Pew Groups in Salt-Glaze Pottery are amongst the quaintest things in English ceramics, they depict figures on a kind of shelf. Some have two figures, and only five specimens are known to contain three figures.

three figures in the only known specimen of its kind, and is a joy to possess. When it came into my hands I could scarcely believe my eyes. It required a little restoration and is now in its entirety. In my opinion it is probably the rarest piece of Staffordshire pottery in existence and is unique in my collection.

The illustration speaks for itself. The lady and gentleman of the house are evidently seated in the



PEW-GROUP IN STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY

(John Astbury, 1688-1745; Thomas Whieldon, 1719-1795)

In the collection of Mr. J. R. Cookson, Kendal, Westmorland

A fully comprehensive article was published a few years ago in the American journal *Antiques* with illustrations of the limited number of known specimens. Of these there are only four in the United States and U.S.A., and mighty proud they are in possessing them. I can imagine their surprise when they see the illustration in colours of this unique XVIIIth century Staffordshire Pew Group of the "Pewit" or Pickle-dish type and (instead of the White Salt Glaze) made of translucent colour glazes, like the Toby Jugs by Ralph Wood, only much more quaint and primitive in modelling. This Astbury Pew-Group of

garden; madam is nursing a little dog and is in the act of taking tea from a cup on a saucer. The Quaker-like gentleman is scraping out a tune on his fiddle, perhaps a metronome, and the negro servant is carrying the tea ware on an oblong tray.

It had been thought that all the Pew-Groups were the work of Aaron Wood, but lately they have been, rightly, I think, attributed to John Astbury, who had working with him Thomas Whieldon about the year 1740, at Stoke-on-Trent, in Staffordshire.

The finding of this Pew-Group in Astbury colours tends to prove that attribution.

APOLLO

The descriptions in the Christie Spanish sales (ex Madrid Armoury) are sketchy at best, but it is quite possible that the fine arquebus barrel chased with the "Eagle and Pillars of Hercules" of Charles V, and the parts of the German tilting suit made for the Spanish court, may have come from Madrid.

This harness (Fig. I) is composite, though all its elements are of high quality. Spain, famous for her swords, made little plate armour, though there is a very definite Spanish style. Armour in this Spanish fashion was made in Germany, particularly Augsburg, where a peculiarity of Spanish armour is the edges of the plates (notable in the right arm and left tasset). These, in Italian and German armours, are usually roped or cabled, but the Spanish style is a dented edge giving a "ridge and furrow" section. Another interesting feature of this suit are the greaves, which, with the rest of the leg armour, do not belong to it. In greaves ending at the knee, the lower edge is usually straight. If there are lamellae, then it is the full width of the leg (see Fig. II). It will be seen that our greaves terminate in three small laminations fitting in a semicircular gap cut out of the front of the main plate. These frontal insertions are rare, and are either a Spanish or Italian style, for they are never found in a purely German armour.

Fig. II shows an Augsburg armour, circa 1550, decorated with etched and gilt bands. This harness, homogeneous except for the gauntlets, is in fine state. It was lot 309 in the Osenham sale of March 30, 1843, where it is illustrated in the catalogue and described as coming from the Royal Armoury of Segovia. Riveted over the breastplate is a plaque etched and gilt with the "frested and flash" of the Order of the Golden Fleece. This is an unusual situation for such an enrichment on a fighting suit, for though ornate it is not a purely parade armour, and such an addition is completely opposed to the principle of a glancing surface.

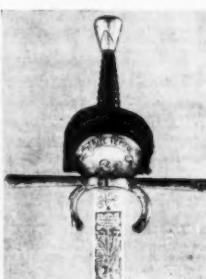


Fig. V. TWO-HANDED SWORD OF
CEREMONIAL, second half of the XVth century.
Traditionally called "the Doge of
Venice's Sword."



Fig. VI. CINQUEDEA
AND SHEATH.
Late XVth century

A third and possibly finer etched and gilt suit is slightly later in date and Italian in origin (Fig. III). It carries the tradition of coming from the Ducal Armoury at Lucca. It is a wonderful combination of the only elements not belonging are again the gauntlets. These are also Italian, but with a rather unusual decoration in the form of bands of close-set engraved ridges. A youth's armour so decorated, which came from the Erbach Collection, was exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum in 1933 (Cat. No. 8). This little suit lacks the gauntlets and it is just conceivable that the Lucca pair belong to it, but from the available illustrations it would not be safe to form a definite opinion. Be that as it may, there is little doubt that the Erbach suit and the Lucca gauntlet both came from Italy.

Lack of space prevents more than a passing mention of the other armours in the collection, which include a good Maximilian suit, an Italian engraved suit, a Gothic armour, and several plain armours.

The Gothic harness is frankly composite (Fig. IV). All the elements are remarkably good and the breastplate is of particular interest.

54

The apex of the lower plate is engraved and pierced with a unicorn and supporters. A pierced apex is common enough, but it is nearly always a conventional design such as a fleur-de-lis or a trefoil. Even the highly decorated suits of Vienna, of Sigismund the Wealthy and Maximilian the First, have only such conventional designs at the apex.⁸ I know of no other suit with such an heraldic or badge terminal. The fine Milanese gauntlet for the right hand, and the pair of early arms with a slot for attachment of the gauntlets by a sliding rivet, should be noted.

The few daggers in the collection contain one outstanding example, a Ferrarese cinquedea which with the legend of Musico Scavelli by Ercol de' Fideli (Fig. V.B.). This fortunately retains its tooled leather scabbard. It is a curious feature of these cinquedea sheaths that, no matter how ornate the weapon, they inevitably have plain scabbard mounts except for very simple piercing. I can only recall one set of engraved mounts.

Two of the most interesting swords in the collection also retain their sheaths.

The first is a very fine Italian bastard sword of the early XVIIth century, whose hilt is identical with that recovered at one time in the British Collection; the second, a ceremonial Two Hander, traditionally known as that of the Doge of Venice (Fig. V). This sword, dating from the latter half of the XVIIth century, is unusual in the form of its hilt, which is Italian in style. The blade, however, is German, bearing the smith's mark of Sander of Munich. It is etched with the Lion of St. Mark and the meeting of St. Nicholas and the Doge of Venice. A pleasant feature is the survival of the velvet pad at the hilt guard to protect the hand.

The collection is extremely rich in specimens of rapier and swept hilt rapiers by the well-known German, Italian and Spanish makers.

Three swords are shown in Fig. VII. The first two are excellent examples of Brescian pierced and chiselled work; the third is probably of English workmanship of the mid XVIIth century. One might note that No. 1, though Brescian in origin, shows a close



Fig. VII. Nos. 1 and 2 BRESCIAN RAPIERS, XVIIth century. No. 3 RAPIER and SCABBARD, probably English, XVIIth century.

kinship in outline to certain English hilts of the period, which probably reflect the work of Italian craftsmen working in London in the first half of the XVIIth century.

If this collection contains rich armours and swords, the extensive range of firearms are even better, and their quality and condition leave nothing to be desired, making it extremely difficult to select individual pieces for comment. Many of the wheel-lock guns and pistols came from the Royal Saxon Armoury at Dresden, and to collectors of firearms this is sufficient to indicate the quality of the pieces.

Probably the finest pair of pistols in the collection are the French wheel-locks (Fig. VIII, Nos. 1 and 2). And these appear extremely graceful in the photograph, their quality and delicate lines have to be seen to be appreciated. It is most likely that they were made for Louis XIII himself, as they are traditionally supposed to have been. The very restrained *gouge* decoration of the stocks is typical of this type of French pistol.

On the same figure are an excellent pair of Reiter pistols dated 1577, most likely from the Royal Saxon Armoury (Nos. 3 and 4), and a rare little all-steel dag of the XVIth century (No. 5).

It is seldom appreciated that the production of such pieces was the work of a number of different craftsmen. The barrels, locks, and mounts were all the work of individual specialists, apart from the woodworkers who mounted and stocked them.

It is unfortunate that the Brescian archivs

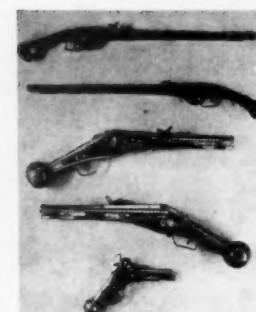


Fig. VIII. 1 and 2. PAIR OF FRENCH WHEEL-LOCK PISTOLS (Belonging to the rare Le Bourgeois de Lissac group) and 3 and 4. PAIR OF WHEEL-LOCK REITER PISTOLS dated 1577.

5 and 6. PAIR OF WHEEL-LOCK ALL-STEEL DAG. XVIth century

7 and 8. PAIR OF DUTCH REVOLVING DOUBLE-BARRELLED FLINT-LOCK PISTOLS WITH IVORY STOCKS

9 and 10. PAIR OF HIGHLAND PISTOLS BY JOHN MURDOCH OF DUNDEE. XVIIth century



Fig. IX. 1 and 2. PAIR OF BRESCIAN FLINT-LOCK PISTOLS, barrels by LAZARINO COMINAZZO, locks by GIOVANNI BOTTAZO, stocks by ANTONIO DI CARLO MEDICIS. 3 and 4. PAIR OF DUTCH REVOLVING DOUBLE-BARRELLED FLINT-LOCK PISTOLS WITH IVORY STOCKS. 5 and 6. PAIR OF HIGHLAND PISTOLS BY JOHN MURDOCH OF DUNDEE. XVIIth century.

A case in point is Lazarino Cominazzo. We know that the elder Lazarino died in 1611, and that another died in 1669. Actual pistols prove conclusively that there was a third member of the family of that name, but there are no records of his existence other than his works.

Fig. IX, Nos. 5 and 6, show an excellent pair of Dutch pistols stocked in ivory with the mounts carved in heads. The decoration and mechanism are uncommon in Dutch pistols, but this pair has the additional interest of being double-barrelled with a revolving action.

This is perhaps one of the commonest forms of repeating action and the collection contains several such, as well as other types both in wheel locks and flint locks. There are also several rare combination weapons, such as a combined poudre and snaephake petronel.

(Continued on page 79)

* See also previous No. 11, p. 12, of this volume.

¹ British Armour and Artillery, Pl. LXXV, No. 3.

THE HERBERT GREER FRENCH COLLECTION, CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM—PART II

BY HAROLD J. L. WRIGHT

READERS of my earlier article in the February issue of APOLLO will recall that the wide scope of these makes it impossible to review them fully in the space of three short articles. But at least we may turn to look more closely at what are perhaps their most important sections, and at the principal items in these.

Here, in the case of Mr. French's prints, the excellent illustrated catalogue of the selection of 256 items chosen by the late owner is exhibited at the Cincinnati Art Museum. It is a most valuable help. It was compiled by the Museum's director, Mr. Walter H. Siple, who in his preface indicated that the prints would be found arranged chronologically, and claimed that through them the visitor could follow the development of engraving in Northern Europe in the Gothic period, the revival of interest in classical learning in Italy in the XVIIth century, the High Renaissance in the XVIth, the Baroque in France and Spain, the Rococo in France, and the prints of the XVIIIth, unequalled in technique and beauty, since their day.⁹ The forty-eight prints illustrated in the catalogue themselves fully justify this claim. Almost every section of printmaking is represented, as indeed is the case with those who know them or who have lived with them, do most of those not illustrated, having been so well chosen. Doubtless the prints illustrated were some of Mr. French's greatest favourites, and cannot do better, therefore, than base our comments on these.

They commence with "The Angel of the Eighth Sphere" (or "Sphere of the Fixed Stars"), an engraving by an anonymous artist, probably from a French School about 1497. This is from the series formerly known as "Tarocchi Cards" (because believed to have been used for a card game), but now rechristened "A Series of Prints by Master W." All who are familiar with these prints will remember admiring the purity of the design, the graceful pose of the figures, and the masterly handling of the draperies in them; the print we have mentioned is one of the most attractive in them all. Some recent authorities, like Andrew Flannagan, read again of Ruskin's admiration of these beautiful Early Italian engravings, many of which he believed to be the work of the great Botticelli himself. (Ruskin's full criticism is given in Dürer's *Woodcuts*.)

Of the three other Italian engravings reproduced, Mantegna's "The Enthronement" and Pollaiuolo's "Battle of Naked Men" (a large and rare print, without which one might say no account of these early European engravings can be considered) "are frequently reproduced special mention may be made of "The Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness and Moses on Mount Sinai," a large engraving by an anonymous artist, probably from the school of Mantegna, and the first State, of which only one other impression is known, that in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.



THE DOE AT REST By Master of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist

Campagnola's, it at once compels close study; we may readily perceive that it will always be a favorite with visitors to the French collection. Of those not reproduced special mention may be made of "The Apocalypses of St. John," all from "block-books" printed between 1460 and 1470, called because text and illustrations were printed on each page from one wood-block. In the first State, which is reproduced in the catalogue, we have a delightful simplicity in the design, a feature which clearly always

appealed to the late Mr. French since many of the prints in his collection possess it, in particular the well-known and much-coveted Schongauer, "The Virgin and Child in a Courtly," reproduced in his earlier article.

Coming now to the group of Early German engravings, one especially attracts the attention—the "Gossec during the Celebration of Mass." It was engraved by an unknown artist, on metal, in the "dotted" manner. French,¹⁰ is inclined to believe that this was intended to be given to students and admirers of these early prints. In the scene it represents, all kinds of things are happening, from the elevation of the Host to temptations of members of the congregation. Leafy instruments of devilry. Despite its ungraceful and somewhat clumsy design, a change from the more usual representations of religious subjects by the artists of those days is doubtless apparent. The engraving is from the Ducal Museum at Gotha. Its possession will therefore always be something of a curiosity. Among these rare prints we find also the plates representing "Six Birds" and "The Adoration of the Kings," both by the Master E. S., and both very attractive. Both after plates, in fact, in this section of the collection, the prints are often copies, so that any choice for extended comment is made difficult.

But for the dispersal by auction of several famous old German print collections after the last war it is doubtful if any such American collector would have come to own such rare prints as these. When they came up for auction competition for them by the great European and American museums and collectors was naturally fierce. I lost many battles myself in those sales. However, these rare prints have eventually reached America and have now found their way into important collections, public or private, where they are greatly treasured and often nobly housed (such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Frick Collection, the Field Collection, etc.). So far as I am concerned, the choice of prints to be offered at the Alteburg in Vienna.

The best-known Italian and German engravers of the XVIIth century are also well represented, particularly by the prints of the school of Mantua, of which often no more than six to eight impressions are known. Several are from English collections, notably that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

There is also an excellent group of prints by Rembrandt, "The Hundred Guilder" print, "The Gold-weighted Fish," the first state, "The Return of the Prodigal Son," "The Supper at Emmaus," and Dr. Teniers. Mr. French also "achieved" two of the extremely rare landscape prints by Hercules Segher, who holds a unique position, having been one of the first to attempt printing from copper plates. Even half a Segher print would be considered a prize by most collectors!



THE MONK AND THE NUN By JACOPO DE' BREDERODE

possessed at least four, have an importance analogous to that of William Blake's, and show a remarkable variety of treatment. But, as one might expect, it was on Dürer's work that Mr. French concentrated, in this section of his collection, and all the best-known are to be seen here in noble impressions, the woodcuts especially well preserved.

Just as it was Dürer's work and Schongauer's among that of the engravers, that of Rembrandt's among the XVIIth-century etchers, which appealed most to him, so the prints of the first states of his etchings are considerable, and include such masterpieces as "The Three Trees," "Rembrandt Drawing beside an Open Window," "The Hundred Guilder" print, "The Gold-weighted Fish," the first state, "The Return of the Prodigal Son," "The Supper at Emmaus," and Dr. Teniers.

Mr. French also "achieved" two of the extremely rare landscape prints by Hercules Segher, who holds a unique position, having been one of the first to attempt printing from copper plates.

The XVIIth-century portrait etchers and engravers are also well represented, notably Van Dyck (by the first states of the "Self-portrait," "Frans Snyders," "Sustermann," "Lucas Vorsterman" and others), Mason, and Nauteuil (each by well-known favourities).

I have purposely directed attention to those sections covering the work of the earlier engravers, because it was a real fact Mr. French performed in gathering so many great names within a few years, for which he built up.

An entire section has been taken up in a review of the beautiful, well-chosen and important examples of the work of the XVIIth-century English Mezzotinters, and of the engravers of the French colour-print of the century, who are still producing a glowing impression. The fact is that the assemblage is so rich in groups of choice prints of all the schools of the past six centuries that almost any mere selections for publication would be open to criticism; nevertheless, nothing could have been said adequately within that space, of the numerous prints by artists working since the time of Cestello, Goya and Ingres, among which, as well as many most attractive and interesting plates later. Mr. French's group of Mexican etchings, printed on green paper, is particularly fine, and there are typical works by Delacroix, Daubigny, Legros, Lepère, Whistler, and Griggs, and by many of the other French engravers of the present day. See Murchie Bone, Sir D. Y. Cameron, and James McBey.

Altogether, therefore, in this great quest, Cincinnati now possesses a most enviable, superb nucleus on which to build, and to do so, an even outstanding collection, second to none in the United States, at least in uniform high quality of impressions. We salute the memory of Herbert Green French, the generous public-spirited donor of that nucleus.

(To be concluded)



THE SIX OF BIRDS By Master E. S.

WHAT IS AN ARTIST? A TOPICAL PROBLEM FOR PLANNERS BY HERBERT FURST

After the war the countries now occupied will be devastated and too much pre-occupied with the new organization of their social life to be able to bother with artists and writers.

A Speaker at a recent P.E.N. Conference.

In any case *Cézanne had no patrons but, what is much better, a private income!*

Obiter dictum in a recent Book Review.

Men and women they are loyal citizens, as artists they are servants neither of the public nor of their own comfort and safety. . . . If a conflict arises between the two loyalties the men must be prepared to suffer, as Socrates did, that is to say, to give up their art to the priestly class. As for the women, they will make concessions, and outside his art will do what the community requires of him, within the area of his art, he like a priest, acknowledges allegiance to no man. He will sweep a crossing or fight a war, but he will not, as an actor, give a bad performance or as a painter, paint a bad picture.

Menander's *Mirror*, *Times Lit. Sup.* Feb. 6, 1943.

"Menander's article, re-enforces the two other quotations as well as confuses the issue by making it appear that the category embraces philosophers and actors, and that it is even related to the priesthood.

"Do you see yonder artist that's almost in shape of a priest?"

By the Mass and 'tis like a priest indeed!

Methodists like a reverent:

The Pope, the Vicar of Christ,

Or like a brother,

Or like a brother."

Our object here is to examine this cloudy conception

which has been usefully extended to cover the whole of

59

WHAT IS AN ARTIST?

wind" for the lucky but discriminating finner. That, however, in an other than crazy world, could not be regarded as the ultimate purpose of art. Nature in her boundless generosity may wear the sweetness of a flower "in the desert," but she does not in particular care whether the artist should win the flowers of their art to "blush unseen," though some have tried to grow them in the desert air. No, like other men the artist is dependent on contacts with his fellow men and is often in debt to them; but he need not be, unless he wants to be. That is quite definitely his obligation to society for letting him exist at all, for he already enjoys a privilege in that he is an artist engaged in doing what lies beyond the call of duty. He is an artist because he is an artist. He is an artist because he enjoys it, and society is quite willing that this should be so, provided they can get something out of it. Therein lies his chance of discharging his obligations. Fortunately, the artist is not a motor-car, and has no other area, just as the enjoyment of a motor-car is not "within the art" of the passenger who uses it. How the artist brings about his Effects of Beauty or Truth, or Life or any other idea which can be conveyed by means of drawing, painting, or another aspect visual art is just another language—strictly speaking his business, not theirs. Therein lies the chance of his material—i.e., commercial security as well as the satisfaction of his art, in order to discharge his obligations. For example, when society gives a religious direction to the artist, he finds the way to build a Dior Temple, a Mosque or a Gothic cathedral, but when society cases him to give a more direct and personal way, such as the Mezzotint or English "style." Hence the Euston Station Approach, the Brighton Pavilion and the Tower Bridge, for instance, or—for that matter—hence Wren and his churches.

Similarly, when, as a result of the Industrial Revolution the aristocratic patronage of art that had until then prevailed began to flag and eventually to cease altogether, the painters, confined as we were to the studio and not to the art market, were compelled to turn to Spain to study Velazquez; to Haerlem to study Frans Hals, studied Italian primitives, Japanese woodcuts, eventually Negro sculpture, the paintings of little children; and then, finally, to turn to the streets. Good painting, design. All this meant experiments with means to no end—for the ends which should have been given from without were not forthcoming. The artists acknowledged allegiance to no man and ended, so because they had nothing else to fall back on, by turning to the claim of claiming it. The new magnates, the Princes of Industry felt the Old Masters to be a better investment; and with the opening of the National Gallery which replaced the former Royal Academy, the Royal Society, which had become a public charge and public galleries a kind of orphanges for the children of the artists' minds which no one else would give house-room, except perhaps the

(Continued on page 76)

of the artist had to see whether a more substantial human being emerges. Someone who could and should play his part in our social organization.

The first quotation clearly indicates a view of art and art-work as a means and end, and by no means applied only to countries "now occupied." It is held by those who regard both art and literature as luxuries, things to be cultivated at universities as part of a liberal education. The second quotation, however, which appears in the second quotation, have a "private income." The implication here is, of course, that a private income ensures not only independence in the material sense but also independence in thought.

Curious in such circumstances is the fact that this cultivation seems so unproductive, almost nugatory at least so far as concerneth, whatever may be true of literature; though even in this respect it seems strange that Shakespeare, the greatest of Englishmen in literature and education, had "little Latin and less Greek," knew infinitely less about Shakespeare than is required for a degree in English Literature—and was a star of first magnitude in the English theatre.

When one comes to consider the case of the Fine Arts, however, one discovers that it is much less important for the artist to know something about Art than to know how to make a living. This is distinctly different from Art with a capital "A," is something as distinct from the art of painting, or of carving or engraving or what not. It is distinct and became so from the moment that Shakespearian drama, the greatest of European drama, education, had "little Latin and less Greek," knew infinitely less about Shakespeare than is required for a degree in English Literature—and was a star of first magnitude in the English theatre.

When one comes to consider the case of the Fine Arts, however, one discovers that it is much less important for the artist to know something about Art than to know how to make a living. This is distinctly different from Art with a capital "A," is something as distinct from the art of painting, or of carving or engraving or what not. It is distinct and became so from the moment that Shakespearian drama, the greatest of European drama, education, had "little Latin and less Greek," knew infinitely less about Shakespeare than is required for a degree in English Literature—and was a star of first magnitude in the English theatre.

That is really how Great Art comes about? Can one really envisage artists spending their time by covering yards upon yards of canvas with paint as Cézanne did, until they might be able to sell it at the auction room, when any other ambition without the slightest desire to please a greater number than "Numerus One," can be really satisfactory for artists to exist permanently as parasites, for that is what they are? Can one really imagine a private income would certainly appear to be the best reward for an artist?

From Menander's point of view the problem does not look quite like that. He says elsewhere in the article referred to as "a wise community recognizes that different men contribute to the general good in different ways, some directly by supplying urgent wants of which all are conscious, and some indirectly by being in their lives and work witnesses of beauty and truth—the natus are ours."

The artist is a priest indeed!

Art must be a priest, not a parasite.

<p

chrysanthemum and Winter with the wild plum, while a third substitutes the magnolia for one of the roses. The "famille verte" bowl in our illustration (Fig. XXV) is enamelled with flowers of the first group mentioned above, the panels being representing the Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The more elaborate treatment of the flower-symbol theme is that exemplified by the Imperial egg-shell wine-cups of the reign of K'ang-hsi, a set of which was shown at the Chinese Exhibition in London in 1935-36. These exquisite little bowls—each decorated with four panels of the year—are painted with sprays of flowering shrubs in delicate enamels of the "famille verte" with underglaze blue. Each month is represented by the flower of the season, and the months are—Peach, Tree-peony, Wild Cherry, etc.—and beside the spray and forming part of the decoration a stanza or brief poem having some allusion to it is inscribed in daintily written characters. The twelve border panels of the "famille verte" dish illustrated



Fig. XXV. "FAMILLE VERTE" BOWL, enamelled with flowers. K'ang-hsi period.



Fig. XXVI. "FAMILLE VERTE" DISH, with panels of flowers.

in Fig. XXVI are not identical in any two instances though some have a near resemblance to each other, and it is probable that these are intended to represent the flower-symbols for each of the "moons" illustrated on the wine-cup described above.

Somewhat knowledge of the trend of Taoist religion and of the mythology which forms an integral part of the later manifestations of the cult are essential to a proper understanding of many of the decorative features in Chinese ceramics. Taoism can hardly be regarded as enough as a philosophical system; as a religion it degenerated into a mass of superstitious beliefs and practices bordering on necromancy. Hence the persistence in Chinese decoration of a large variety of symbols of longevity ministering, in the words of Professor Yetts,

to the national belief that "emblems help themselves help to confer the blessings they represent." When, for example, a Chinese receives the gift of a dragon-patterned vase he is immediately pleased by its all probability reminded of the story of Tung Fang-so, the boy who visited the gardens of Hsi Wang Mu, the Queen of Heaven, stole and ate over the peach and gained thereby a longevity of 9,000 years. The dragon itself was a very long life expected to accept in this gift wishes for a long life. If somewhere in the picture a bat is seen hovering about, whether for happiness are also conveyed, for the Chinese the words "longevity" and "happiness" being each represented by the sound *fu*. A few of the more commonly employed longevity symbols are the artemisia, one of which may be seen on the cover of the wine-cup in Fig. XXVII; the mushroom fungus, the stalk, the tortoise as well as a large number of ideographic characters—different forms of the word "shou" all conveying the same idea.

Artemisia represents the animal form as is most common in Chinese ceramic decoration. Occasionally we see a picture of a hunting scene such as that forming the band of ornament round the Han wine jar illustrating an earlier article in the present series* and in Fig. XXVI we see a hunting scene, battle scenes or combats between mounted warriors bring the horse into view. But the really characteristic animal form of Chinese decorative art, found not only on porcelain but on everything else of Chinese decoration, is that of the dragon. The dragon is the Spirit of the Wind, the Dragon of the Clouds, the Dragon of Earth, the Dragon of Water, the Dragon of Fire. He dwells amid the clouds and from the heaven he sends to earth the gift of beneficial, fertilizing rain. To realize his importance it is necessary to remember that the Chinese are an essentially agricultural people and that their country is one in which sufficiency or insufficiency

of rain may spell either plenty or disaster. Hence the Dragon's antiquity in art, for it is the Emperor's decorative art. Hence the addition to Chinese ceramics from the earliest times as an emblem of royalty; for just as it is the special privilege and prerogative of Chinese royalty to wear and use yellow, the colour of earth whence springs the dragon, so it is the special privilege of the "Little Rain" * the special emblem of the Monarchs.

"Oh ! she is good, the little rain is well she knows our need

Who comes in the time of Spring to aid the sun to grow ?

She wanders with a friendly wind through silent nights unseen.

The furrow feel her happy tears, and lo ! the land is green,"

sings the T'ang poet Tu Fu voicing the feelings of all his countrymen.

Students of Chinese porcelain seeking

the reason why the dragon is so often used to corroborate the legend of the origin of the dragon, will find in the dragon a valuable contribution to the study of Chinese decorative art.

From the earliest days onwards the manner of his representation seems to be continually changing.

The conception of the pre-Han dragon, a small, squat, toothy, frog-like creature,

is probably that of the bronze-fungus, the tortoise,

the stork, the tortoise as well as a large number of ideographic characters—different forms of the word "shou" all conveying the same idea.

Artemisia represents the animal form as is most common in Chinese ceramic decoration. Occasionally we see a picture of a hunting scene such as that forming the band of ornament round the Han wine jar illustrating an earlier article in the present series*

and in Fig. XXVI we see a hunting scene, battle scenes or combats between mounted warriors bring the horse into view. But the really characteristic animal form of Chinese decorative art, found not only on porcelain but on everything else of Chinese decoration, is that of the dragon. The dragon is the Spirit of the Wind, the Dragon of the Clouds, the Dragon of Earth, the Dragon of Water, the Dragon of Fire. He dwells amid the clouds and from the heaven he sends to earth the gift of beneficial, fertilizing rain. To realize his importance it is necessary to remember that the Chinese are an essentially agricultural people and that their country is one in which sufficiency or insufficiency

in literary art. Another conception of the dragon, this bird in the form of a pheasant of the Chinese dragon bird is that of his rôle as emblem of the Emperor. The two—Dragon and Pheasant bird—are often seen together filling the design in the centre of a large dish and as such are said to be emblematic of the Emperor and Empress.

Instances demonstrating the general purposefulness of Chinese decorative designs are too numerous to be quoted in detail here, but it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the decorative arts of China produced by the Chinese for the Chinese were appreciated, and by the informed are appreciated to-day, for the meaning they convey as well as for the beauty they possess. Just as the production of the finest work of art demands an even balance of appeal to reason and to instinct.

In decorative art, should there be a similar relationship between reason and instinct, for the expression of meaning, and colour and form, and the emotions and the taste.

In Chinese ceramic art, especially on the decorative side, there is ample scope for both the reason and the taste.

The quality of appreciation brought to any work of art varies greatly, usually, with the temperament and personality of the beholder.

This is equally true where the subject-matter of the present notes is concerned. Does the Chinese porcelain appeal to one by reason of the sheer beauty of line and colour? Is another to find pleasure in some part of any particular object?

A typical example of which is seen on the bowl in Fig. XXVII, the pattern of which is a dragon pattern.

But the dragon pattern of the XVIIIth and XVIIth centuries shows him full-face with serpent body rising from the waters. This may usually be taken to be an illustration of the well-known Lung-kiang dragon, the Lung-men, or "Dragon Gate," a rocky defile on the Yellow River, where according to legend, carp ascend the river in the third moon of the year—the spawning season—many of them ending their lives upon the rocks. This is a most remarkable feature. Those who succeed are transformed into dragons. The god of literature is sometimes seen holding aloft his brush and standing on the back of a fish-dragon. It may be noted that the representation of these two figures there is no direct reference to the perseverance so essential to proficiency

63

Fig. XXVII. BOWL, enamelled in polychrome with the Imperial dragon. XVIIth century

scheme or arrangement; to a third for its rarity and, perhaps, because it renders more precious the object it represents. But the dragon pattern of the early work of the Chinese ceramic artist deserves consideration for the message it is designed to convey, a message which will usually be found expressed in some form of symbolism. That the meaning is sometimes far from obvious does not detract from the importance of an understanding of Chinese psychology may be true; these facts are entirely in consonance with the attitude and methods of a people to whom reticence in matters artistic is a natural tendency. The dragon pattern of the XVIIth century is yet another indication of the value of a fuller study of the potter's art anyone who would "follow . . . the progress of intelligence and gain an approximate measure of the artistic tendencies of man."

* See "Chinese Ceramics," Vol. II, Part I, pp. 120-121.

** Op. cit., "The American Museum," June 1942, p. 115.

*** From "A Letter of Jade," by L. Gossman, pp. 104-105.

APOLLO

1703). Bishop successively of those sees. The bowl was a gift some years ago to the Society of the Friends of the Poor, New York, by Mrs. George Bromley Ironside. The London date-letter is 1677-78, and the maker's mark is that of Robert Cooper, a man of importance in his day as the maker of much important plate at Belvoir Castle and elsewhere.

The last illustration (Fig. IV) is of a chalice of silver-gilt two-handled and a candle cup of silver-gilt. Both are from the collection of the first of the Huguenot refugees to seek shelter in England. It is enriched with the "cut card" work (the finial is missing) affected by London goldsmiths in the middle of the XVIIth and beginning of the XVIIIth century, and impaled with the arms of Stanton impaling those of Gavell, having been bequeathed to William and Mary College in Virginia. Lady (Bessie) Gavell, in memory of her son. She was the daughter of William Stanton, of Hampton, Middlesex, and widow of Sir William Gouch, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia from 1727 until 1749. But she died 1771, leaving her son William, her grandson, and her brother buried at York in Virginia. In her will the cup is described as her "Gift Sacramental Cup."

It has been transferred from the collection of the Christ Church (Bruton) People



Fig. III. CAUDLE CUP AND COVER. 1677-8. Height 5 1/2 in., depth of mouth 8 in., and of foot, 2 1/2 in. Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York.

Smiths Hundred in Virginia named after Sir Thomas Smith, Treasurer of Virginia, in that State.

In the famous old church at Jamestown in Virginia was a silver chalice, now in another church. It would seem to have been wrought about 1660 by a prominent English goldsmith and in the name of Sir Edward Cole, Francis Mordaunt, Deputy Governor of Virginia, who ordered the inscription *Mixe not holy things with profane to be engraved upon it with his name as donor.*

Three domestic silver vessels of outstanding interest can now be described, beginning with Fig. III, and two embossed candlesticks of interesting form, Fig. IV, and both embossed with acanthus and palm leaves in the taste of the time and finely engraved with their inscriptions:

The gift of Edward Ironside Esquire in Memory of his Father and Mother, Sarah Braine, and his wife Anne Ironside, Lord Bishop of Bristol 1661.

It was bought with a legacy of twenty pounds.

Engraved upon it are the family arms of Ironside and of the See of Bristol and Hereford, which prove that it was bought by the Bishop's son of the same name (1632).

There yet remains to be mentioned a domestic silver of 1680-81, now in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. George Ironside, of New Haven, Connecticut, and engraved with the arms of Stanton impaled with the arms of Gavell, having been bequeathed to William and Mary College in Virginia, in memory of her son. She was the daughter of William Stanton, of Hampton, Middlesex, and widow of Sir William Gouch, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia from 1727 until 1749.

The loss of many precious vessels in Virginia is mentioned, such as those given by the Rev. George Hunt celebrated the sacrament on June 21, 1667, at Jamestown.

Finally, a domestic cup of some rarity must be noticed: one of the large and massive two-handled cups and covers, usually in plain repoussé, made in London in the second half of the XVIIth century. It belongs to Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut, and is decorated with conventional straps. The maker was the Anglo-Flemish goldsmith Isaac Ribot of London, 1727.

The English Society of William and Mary Queen Anne, George II and George III, provided many of the Church of England buildings with massive and plain services, usually unembellished with their initials and the initials of the church.

They are only a few that have survived the vicissitudes of time, war, and revolution, and a few others have been lost.

The gift of Edward Ironside Esquire in Memory of his Father and Mother, Sarah Braine, and his wife Anne Ironside, Lord Bishop of Bristol 1661.

It was bought with a legacy of twenty pounds.

Engraved upon it are the family arms of Ironside and of the See of Bristol and Hereford, which prove that it was bought by the Bishop's son of the same name (1632).

66

OLD ENGLISH SILVER IN AMERICAN CHURCHES BY E. ALFRED JONES

IT was my privilege and joy some years ago to examine and record for a book printed under the auspices of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America over 2,000 pieces of old silver in use in date from 1600 to 1800, belonging to churches of different faiths in the Eastern States of America from Massachusetts to Oregon. Most of these were of English workmanship and about 1,500 were by the early silver-smiths of New England, including Robert Sanderson (c. 1615-1680), John Hull (1624-1683), of Leicestershire birth but an apprentice of his half-brother, Richard, Stour, at Boston. Many of these were remarkable for the fact that they minted the first silver coinage in the Colonies and for the excellence of their silver work.

To these may be added the work of three Boston silversmiths of undeniably skill as the makers of many vessels, both sacred and domestic, of great historical and artistic interest—John Dennis (1645-1718), John Coney (1645-1722), and Edward Winslow (1669-1723), as well as the celebrated Paul Revere.

The silversmiths of New England or antecedents are also represented by admirable specimens of their skill.

The earliest vessel by a London goldsmith is an elegant chalice, apparently designed with grapes on the date 1607-8, evidently the personal cup of the unknown donor, in the Old South Church at Boston (Fig. I), with a plainer cup of conventional form of 1606-7 and interesting associations as the bequest of the Huguenot refugee to whom which he took out to New England. Greater in historical and personal interest is the cup (Fig. II) of the eminent Englishman, John Winthrop (1583-1659), of Groton, Suffolk, first Governor of Massachusetts, founder of this colony. They are rightly treasured, not only as his gift, but also as the work of the New England silversmiths, Robert Sanderson and John Hull, already mentioned.

The chalice in Fig. I, Boston, is already mentioned. The cup in Fig. II, Groton, is of conventional form, a "steeple" finish, but this has been lost.

It is engraved with the following inscription:

The gift of Governor Jno. Winthrop to the Church

in Boston.



Fig. I. CUP. 1607-8. Height 7 1/2 in. First Church, Boston.

Fig. II. GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S CUP. 1610-11. Height 11 1/2 in. First Church, Boston.

65



Fig. II. GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S CUP. 1610-11. Height 11 1/2 in. First Church, Boston.

Fig. III. CAUDLE CUP AND COVER. 1677-8. Height 5 1/2 in., depth of mouth 8 in., and of foot, 2 1/2 in. Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York.

Fig. IV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. V. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. VI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. VII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. VIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. IX. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. X. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XIV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XVI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XVII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XVIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XIX. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XX. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXIV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXVI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXVII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXVIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXIX. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXX. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXIV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXVI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXVII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXVIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XXXIX. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XL. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLIV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLV. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLVI. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLVII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLVIII. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. XLIX. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

Fig. L. CHALICE AND CANDLESTICKS. 1680-81. Height 10 1/2 in., diameter of bowl 4 1/2 in., height of candlesticks 10 in. Christ Church, New Haven.

churchman. It is finely engraved with his arms and is stamped with the mark of George Redfut, a London goldsmith who settled in New York, where he wrought this very rare example of his work.

Another William and Mary service of interest by Francis Garthorne, 1694-95, is now in the collection of the Boston Museum, a church of historical connection with Harvard College.

Queen Anne endowed Christ Church, Philadelphia, (with some George II pieces) with his son's there) with a plain service from the London workshop in 1707-8 of John East. She also presented several small churches with caskets and paten covers, most of one pattern by such goldsmiths as William Gibson. Two churches at Boston are proud of their silver sacramental services, proud of their silver chalices and patens. The first is the famous "Christ Church," dated 1732-34, and Trinity Church, 1741-42, both built by James Gibbs, the architect.

Mary's Church, Burlington, New Jersey, is renowned for three gifts, namely, a chalice and paten given by Queen Anne in 1708, a French silver chalice of the 17th century, and a paten given by Anthony Nelme, both bestowed by Mrs. Catherine Boevey (1669-1736), a great beauty of Flaxley Abbey, Gloucestershire, the remarkable woman who is commemorated by a monument in Westminster Abbey by James Gibbs, the archi-



Fig. IV. CRUDE CUP, 1696-97, by PIERRE HARASSE the elder. Height 41 in., depth 41 in. Christ Church, Williamsburg, Virginia.

ect of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church, showing her portrait medallion. That excellent London goldsmith, Anthony Nelme, was also the maker in 1712-13 of a paten, given by Maxwell, Bishop of Lymneham Church in Virginia, with his arms.

A goldsmith to the Court of William III is mentioned above. Another was George Garthorne, whose mark is stamped on some vessels belonging to St. Anne's Church, Annapolis, Maryland, and Whitechapel Church, Virginia.

SOME REGENCY FURNITURE

BY JOHN ELTON

FOR some decades old styles have been discovered, revived, and exploited, and the late and early Georgian phases of the Victorian furniture followed in the interval of Regency. One of the historians of English furniture has pointed the "vigorously" of the style which outlasted the Regency and reign of George IV and continued to survive up to the time of Queen Victoria. A short account of the Victorian period mentioned that it was more difficult to write the history of this period than it would be to tell of the sequence of styles in the long Dynasty; and that the name of the Regency is derived from Mr. Roger Pry, in his essay on "The ottoman and the whatnot," selects two objects that are evocative of the Regency rather than the Victorian period.

The complete shaping of late Georgian furniture means comfortable drawing-rooms, and during the Regency surfaces were plain and sparingly used. The interest was usually concentrated on the colour and liveliness of the cabinet woods, used in case furniture.

"In Vision and Design."

Veneers of rosewood, zebra wood and amboyna were liked for their effect of colour contrast and were polished to a mirror-like glaze finish. The dark figure of zebra wood was so strongly marked that it was not usually combined with inlay, but rosewood lent itself to contrasting insets of light woods or brases. The use of amboyna veneers obtained from the wave-like burrs on its surface was first affected in the Regency, and in the later Regency; maple (also noted for its bird's-eye and mother-of-pearl figure) was frequently used. The mortised joint was (we are told) principally used for picture frames.

Satinwood was still in vogue for "dressed apartments," but its brilliant yellow was reduced by bandings and stringings of darker wood. The uncompromising structure of the Regency cabinet (Fig. II) is typical of the period, so also are the plain knobs handles and the drawers and the galleried shelf supported by S-scrolls. Mahogany remained the most useful of timbers for furniture, such as chairs, stans, small and dining-tables, and whatnots, as well as for bedroom furniture; and a brilliant surface

was also demanded for large areas such as the top of the dinner table. In the "Dictionary of Mrs. Sheraton" an account is given of the polishing of the dinner tables by "elbow grease" in her early home in Melville Street, Edinburgh. "No modern French polish (she writes) can be equal to elbow oil to dress a table." In winter, when a day of persistent snow appeared to have set in, or at other seasons when equally steady rain was in view, and no social interruption seemed probable, the tables were hauled out of their covers, the leaves inserted, and the four householders sat round them, first rubbing them hard with a small square of cork and then finishing with dry rubbing with a piece of flannel." For great occasions the services of two stout Highland porters were needed.

The sofa table (Fig. II) which Sheraton tells us was "used before a sofa," and chiefly occupied by ladies to draw, write, or read upon" became to be made throughout the Regency period a common article, frequently balusters resting on a platform supported by splayed legs, the base supporting the baluster connecting them is unexpectedly low. Low platform tables and circular pedestal stands in which shelves revolve about a central column are creations of the period and were "calculated to contain all the books that may be desired for a sitting-room without reference to the library," as a magazine reports.

The profuse hoodooing of tables, and the convenient dwarf bookshelf indicates a large



Fig. I. The uncompromising structure of the Satinwood Cabinet, typical of the Regency Period.

armchairs and *fauteuils*. Sofas with hard cylindrical bolsters and softer cushions are recommended for the drawing room, and the "Dictionary of Mrs. Sheraton" lists many examples of the "library." The more familiar backless type has a backward curve at the head and a rolled-over scroll at the foot. They were mounted on castors, for mobility was an essential feature of furniture.

Many essential accessories such as the oddly named Canterbury and whatnots were developed during the early years of the XIXth century. The Canterbury was introduced as an "open stand with shelves one above the other for keeping or displaying various objects, curiosities, books, papers, &c." It made its first appearance in print in 1808, but its name has not been explained. The whatnot is sometimes fitted with small drawers at the top and base; and its turned supports are described as early examples. Is it possible that the shelves may have been used for books, as they usually have low galleries on which books are placed? Canterbury and whatnots are illustrated by Sheraton in his *Dictionary* (1803), where he describes them as "made with two or three hollow-topped

*Memoranda of Mrs. Sheraton, p. 24.



Fig. II. ROSEWOOD SOFA TABLE, made throughout the Regency Period.

68

SOME REGENCY FURNITURE



Fig. III. MAHOGANY DRUM-TOPPED WRITING TABLE

partitions, resting on legs fitted with castors and adapted to run in under a piano-frame." They are invaluable to-day for the neat storage of newspapers and any paper-covered household. Mr. Roger Pry, writing in *Vision and Design*, could "remember a time when the ottoman and whatnot still lingered in the drawing-rooms of the less fashionable and more conservative classes, and were destined only for awaiting their substitutes. And now, having watched the whatnot disappear, I have the privilege of watching its resurrection." He had not long to wait.

EXHIBITION OF BARYE BRONZES

It is seldom that this country, and London in particular, has the opportunity of viewing and acquiring a collection of bronzes such as the one that is now on exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery. Mr. John Duvene, a member of the great firm of art dealers, the Duvene Brothers, who retired in 1916, has thought it well to dispose of the whole of his collection of animal bronzes, a life's work, through the Government, taking over his collection in London. Art lovers and collectors now have an opportunity of obtaining examples of the work of one of the greatest French sculptors of the early XIXth century, Louis Barye. His work is not equal in size to the work of the greatest masters. Barye, from his childhood suffered many vicissitudes, but, like other great artists, surmounted them all, and he ultimately reached the highest position among the sculptors of the greatest of all periods. He is known as the greatest protagonist of portraying animal life in bronze. His works are to be found in the Louvre and other great museums in Europe as well as in America, where a large number of his works are in the possession of the Watson



Fig. IV. THE "WHATNOT"

Museum, Baltimore, and the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. Barye's intimate friends included Corot, Delacroix, Theodore Gericault, and the Duke of Orléans. Louis Barye, to give him his full name, was born in Paris in 1795, his father being a silversmith. Louis education was neglected, but he gained practical experience through working as a youth for Fouquet and later for Boulard. In 1816 he entered the Studio Boucicaut, but soon went to Gros to study engraving. One of his early successes was the medal engraving of the "Mède de Crötone" devoured by a Lion, which gave an early indication of his ability in making animals to life. He exhibited for the first time at the Salon in 1827 with several busts. In 1833 his famous "Lion crushing a Serpent" was exhibited with many other bronzes and his reputation was established, in addition to being at the Louvre, he was placed in stone in the Tuilleries Gardens. In 1848 he was chosen third for eleven for the Salons sculpture section. His "Tiger devorant a Crocodile" one of his great works produced in 1850, was purchased by the Louvre, and he was elected head of the cast room. In addition to being one of the greatest sculptors of the French School he was also a fine water-colourist, his work being very much sought after.

69

ART NOTES

BY PERSPEX

TO "see life steadily and see it whole . . . " In a small way, that is to say within the ambit with which I am here particularly concerned, I have found myself well and truly when I have visited a number of current exhibitions and viewed each steadily; but found the interest multiplied by not keeping each in its separate compartment; in other words, by viewing them in a continuous setting, according to recollection of the past, to cast their reflection on the present.

So, for example, recollecting a show which was held at the Art Society's Gallery in 1919, "The Star of David Exhibition." Mr. John Herman's paintings at Merton Reed and Lefevre's suddenly lit up the Jewish Question in a new and startling light, like a landscape on a dark night suddenly lit by a flash of lightning. John Herman is a Jew from Warsaw, and although his exhibition contains only one picture with a title that connects it directly with the atrocious committed by the Nazis against the Jews, called "Moses as a Peasant," it cannot be denied that this exhibition more deeply impressed with the horror of this racial persecution than I was by the more patently indictive of the "Star of David" show. Viewed in a vacuum, that is to say looking at Herman's paintings alone, I have had difficulty discerning the reason why he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has the look he sees and feels about his native soil. Soil seems somehow to be the right word, for it is a soiled scene, a scene which looks in a kind of prison, that badly needs ventilation. I say that the artist is a prisoner, that will be believed, and though I shall not say a man living enough to believe it, people given to such flights of fancy or psychopathic obsessions. But Mr. Lowry lives and paints, I believe, in Lancashire, perhaps in Manchester, I don't know. I can identify his townscapes. He is a fine painter, ardent and passionate, and he has

living. There are no politics in Kenneth Martin's paint, no social considerations, no interesting events or pretty anecdotes—instead, a devotion to painting. "Yellow Christyana" and "God Clothing her Head" and "The Fall of Kalu," "Still Life with Cuckoo" her most are the titles of his paintings, and words convey nothing of their quality, which is entirely a matter of quiet delight in the poetry of colour. In his pictures Kenneth Martin seems to have been making up his mind all day long, even of yesterday. Except that, after the example of Cézanne, he expresses the solidity of form in colour and not in neutral shading; his pictures breathe the sense of life and movement, and the atmosphere of light though in Chardin there was a greater realization of light and atmosphere. It is the poet's *silence* of Kenneth Martin's art which comes to one as a relief—a kind of *horror vacui* feeling. Those who contemplate, for instance, his "Still Life with Fruit" will understand what I intend to imply.

The comic drawings by "Paul Crum" which one passes the time in the Stephen Boose's and Kenneth Martin's, one just cannot pass one is deficient in the sense of humour. They laugh at one from their frames and arrest one's progress. It is, of course, quite true that it is the drawing that is funny, but the joke is not the caption but the caption is additional fun, and if anything it is the drawing which explains the caption and not as so often the case, vice versa. "Paul Crum" has shown his drawing of all failings and now it is difficult to understand on the "Bath of Carcassonne" the movement of the drawn lines stark naked. In an admirable preface, Mr. Oberth Lancaster says of these drawings: "The wit must be obvious to all, but even more remarkable is the incredibly coarse nature of the drawings. It forces one to smile. I am not sure that 'shorthand' is here quite the right word, since it connotes a special form of writing, something that one must have learned before one can decode it. But the great virtue of Crum's work is that one can read it, and one can read it without a reflective smile. This is certainly a show that all who can enjoy wit, fun and satire should visit. There are fifty-three drawings here and it is impossible to say which to choose."

But there is reason here for sorrow, too. "Paul Crum's" real name is Roger Pettiwad, and Roger Pettiwad died on April 19, 1942, on the beaches of Dieppe in Canada in November attending the six-inch gun battle at Varangerville.

It seems a far cry from "Paul Crum" to Michelangelo, but a visit to the *Exhibition of Drawings from the Robert Witt Collection* now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, brings it home to one that there is only one kind of means for all draughtsmen and that is the manipulation of the pencil, pen or brush. There is no room for water, or even with a chisel, that is to say with the kind of drawing is really painting or carving.

In the exhibition of these Witt Collection Drawings there are a few very good ones, but a great number of lesser or even unknown ones. But that is the reason why I should compel all art students and recommend all those who consider themselves fully fledged artists to visit the show, which includes fully

Italian, Dutch and Flemish, Spanish and German and, of course, the British Schools. Here it becomes abundantly clear why Italy's artists had once so great a reputation for craftsmanship. Their work could be said to be simple and elegant, and an understanding of form, even the lesser men, which is amazing. One feels that they had acquired the art of drawing until it had become like a second nature to them and they could think in what they were drawing, and what having to do with how to do it. And in spite of that it was not a kind of copybook formula, a misconception rife in art schools in relation to the techniques of a Michelangelo or a Leonardo which the artist is told to follow. The *Madonna del Parto* of the Tintoretto nude with the Luca Cambiaso, compare the Ligotti chiaroscuro with the Piazzetta, or the Passeri with the G. D. Tiepolo. Incidentally, the last-named's version of the *Madonna del Parto*, in the National Gallery, is of great interest. Rembrandt, the Dutchman, is concerned with his design only in so far as it illuminates the scene as imagined. Tiepolo, the Italian, is out to improve Rembrandt's composition and technique, and the *Madonna del Parto* of the Roman soldiers, the one on horseback on the right particularly diverting the eye of the spectator from the principal incident.

One of the other nations can compete in sheer skill of draughtsmanship with the Italians. But, on the other hand, even a Richardson shows up well as a draughtsman, much better than Reynolds. As a landscape, Gainsborough stands alone. His landscape sketches should be compared with the drawings of Landscapes in the Dutch School. In the "Baths of Carcassonne," a drawing by Sir George Wilson which has rather suffered, it is pleasant to notice how well the glaze of the Italian artist has been preserved in a picture ruined by time. There is quite a lot to see and to learn here for those who care for the art of drawing.

There are pictures by English Masters from Hogarth to Turner to be seen at the *Lager Gallerie*. The one that attracts me most is a new discovery is a painting by Ramsay Richard Reinagle, a "Portrait of a woman with a child." The subject is a mystery except that he was the son of Philip Reinagle, R.A., who, after painting fifty pairs of Alian, George III and Queen Caroline, copies of Allian, Ramsay's originals, gave up painting and began for the rest of his life to paint portraits of children.

But the greatest master of Comedy is still there, and that is Rembrandt. He is a portrait painter even with Lawrence, and, in the looseness of its technique and lightness of tone and creditability handling of form, it seems to me an unusually fine work for its period. Amongst our portraits we find the excellent Matthew Hough, Hogarth's Portrait of Benjamin Headley, M.D., who looks very like his Episcopal Brother in the National Gallery; a most interesting portrait of Byron as a boy by Lawrence, and lastly a "Figure in an Inn" that rare and unique painter-caricaturist Thomas Patch.

• • •

SHORTEST NOTICES will be found on page 76

FRAUDS IN OLD GLASS

order to satisfy himself on this point he determined to find out whether she walked on hooks, claws, or human feet. With this end in view he ordered a depression to be made in the ground over which she would walk in this manner, and when she did so he would then ascertain whether she mistook it for water, would raise her robes and disclose her feet. The plan answered admirably. The Queen, as he expected, held up her draperies and, stepping over the glass, revealed a pair of lovely sandaled feet.

There is probably no branch of collecting in which forgeries are more common than that of old glass. The reason for this is obvious—with a few genuine specimens as a guide, it is very difficult to distinguish in reproducing them, and there is such a large demand for old glass that his copies have a ready market. The Queen's mistaking it for water, however, is a test which should be carefully examined. A genuine old glass never has a flat foot. From the center there is always a slope, sometimes a very pronounced one, whilst the base is perfectly flat, and the rim is slightly raised.

The same test is played on the collector of glass. The fake is planted in the cottages of old men and women of charming and innocent aspect. It may be found in village inns and in country shops with a history attached to it, and it is a safe bet that the Queen's mistake will be repeated in three weeks' time, to give her a £5 note. Imagine his feelings when he walked into her cottage and found out the shelf another "Pigmy" stepped out like a giant.

The same test is played on the collector of glass. The fake is planted in the cottages of old men and women of charming and innocent aspect. It may be found in village inns and in country shops with a history attached to it, and it is a safe bet that the Queen's mistake will be repeated in three weeks' time, to give her a £5 note. Imagine his feelings when he walked into her cottage and found out the shelf another "Pigmy" stepped out like a giant.

The writer cannot too seriously impress on all collectors the necessity of taking time for these when purchasing old glass. If you buy a piece and if you are not the possessor of a "fake" do not discard it in disgust, learn it and be thankful.

Before purchasing, the colour of a piece should be attended to; it should not be too steely or too green; the foot or bottom of a glass should exhibit signs of age, but scratches should be fine, and these and chips should not be too obvious. Special "Bargain Sales" should be avoided, and the best advice is to buy the best small pieces as bargains. Fine-looking specimens very obviously "rucked away" in hotels and cottages should be regarded with suspicion, even if their owner flogs reluctance to part with treasures which have been "in the family for generations."

The German and Austrian pre-war commercial traveller would be surprised indeed could he know that the price asked for half a dozen or even one specimen of his goods would cover the whole cost of a recent collection of a hundred pieces before the war was he manufactured and did a roaring trade in "English Antique glass."

Some of us have heard the story of the artist who, when painting a "Dame au Lac" discovered what he immediately thought to be a rare little Dolphin Teapot in the cottage of a dear old dame who had, on a hot summer day, dropped him a curtsey and invited him into her sweet, cool, thatched cottage with its honeysuckle porch. The artist was so taken with the Dame and her ladyship in part with "grandmother's" teapot, but when she saw three one-pound notes out of his outstretched palm she could not resist them, but as he carried his treasure out of the

cottage sank into her arm-chair and threw her upon over her face.

Now £3 is not a fair price to give for a piece of marked Plymouth, and seeing the apparent distress of the owner of this piece, who was a very aged female, the collector and determined on her return in three weeks' time, to give her a £5 note. Imagine his feelings when he walked into her cottage and found out the shelf another "Pigmy" stepped out like a giant.

The same test is played on the collector of glass. The fake is planted in the cottages of old men and women of charming and innocent aspect. It may be found in village inns and in country shops with a history attached to it, and it is a safe bet that the Queen's mistake will be repeated in three weeks' time, to give her a £5 note. Imagine his feelings when he walked into her cottage and found out the shelf another "Pigmy" stepped out like a giant.

Although the ring of good glass should be clear and sweet this test cannot be frequently relied upon as some collectors would have us believe. The colour of genuine old glass should be learned by visiting collectors who are more subtle in glass, and the collector, even if he has the *flair*, must train his eye and the sense of touch and smell to a point, in order to succeed in evading the fake.

Unfortunately he begins, as a rule, by being too ambitious: rushing at a "fake" where angels fear to tread, he buys a few pieces which are not what he wants, bearing royal monograms, armorial and commemorative glasses, all of which, owing to the high prices realized for authentic specimens, are reproduced in large quantities.

It is, however, for the people absolutely necessary that the fall victim, for in this way will they learn to remedy what to avoid.

The writer cannot too seriously impress on all collectors the necessity of taking time for these when purchasing old glass. If you buy a piece and if you are not the possessor of a "fake" do not discard it in disgust, learn it and be thankful.

Before purchasing, the colour of a piece should be attended to; it should not be too steely or too green; the foot or bottom of a glass should exhibit signs of age, but scratches should be fine, and these and chips should not be too obvious. Special "Bargain Sales" should be avoided, and the best advice is to buy the best small pieces as bargains. Fine-looking specimens very obviously "rucked away" in hotels and cottages should be regarded with suspicion, even if their owner flogs reluctance to part with treasures which have been "in the family for generations."

The German and Austrian pre-war commercial traveller would be surprised indeed could he know that the price asked for half a dozen or even one specimen of his goods would cover the whole cost of a recent collection of a hundred pieces before the war was he manufactured and did a roaring trade in "English Antique glass."

Some of us have heard the story of the artist who, when

painting a "Dame au Lac" discovered what he imme-

diately thought to be a rare little Dolphin Teapot in the

cottage of a dear old dame who had, on a hot summer day,

dropped him a curtsey and invited him into her sweet,

cool, thatched cottage with its honeysuckle porch.

The artist was so taken with the Dame and her lady-

ship in part with "grandmother's" teapot, but when she

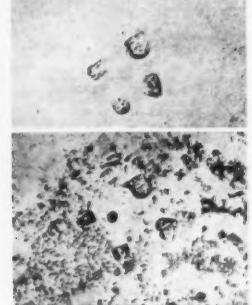
saw three one-pound notes out of his outstretched palm she

could not resist them, but as he carried his treasure out of the

A RARE ENGLISH SILVER TANKARD



CHARLES I SILVER TANKARD ROBERT PAYNE, LONDON.



Top : Marks on outer cover

Bottom : Marks on base

W e illustrate an extremely rare and interesting silver flat-lidded tankard of the middle period of Charles I, unfortunately in the possession of J. H. Cockburn, the well-known dealer in London. We are grateful to Mr. Cockburn for permission to publish his finding such a remarkable specimen and placing it in the collection of a young enthusiastic English connoisseur of fine antique silver. The earliest flat-lidded silver tankard known is that of King Edward IV, made by English Plate" in one which is 1495-96 in date; this tankard has chased vertical lines and is considered by Jackson to be of the freak order and not a characteristic example of English plate.

As most of the silver of this period was called in by Government to replace the standard of the Commonwealth, it is not surprising that very little escaped the melting pot, as this delightful specimen fortunately did. No other tankard of this form and early date is recorded, so far as is known to the owner, and it has an added interest in

showing that flat-lidded tankards were being made in London so early as 1638. The marks on the cover and base are in excellent condition, as will be seen from the photographs. Mr. Cockburn has given us permission to publish his finding such a remarkable specimen and placing it in the collection of a young enthusiastic English connoisseur of fine antique silver. The earliest flat-lidded silver tankard known is that of King Edward IV, made by English Plate" in one which is 1495-96 in date; this tankard has chased vertical lines and is considered by Jackson to be of the freak order and not a characteristic example of English plate.

As most of the silver of this period was called in by

FRAUDS IN OLD GLASS
BY MRS. WILLoughby HODGSON, F.R.S.A.

G LASS is a fabric of great antiquity whose beginning is little known. Delicate specimens, many of which are classic in shape, have been unearthed in almost every part of the globe, their beauty enhanced by opalescent tints, sometimes in gorgeous colours and produced by centuries underground. It is spoken of in ancient Chinese literature, and perhaps nothing more

perfect than old Saracan and Arabian coloured glass has ever been produced.

If we are to believe an ancient Eastern legend, glass must have been in common use in the days of King Solomon: from this tale we gather that the King had his doubts on the integrity of the Queen of Sheba and thought she might be a demon in woman's guise. Is

HERALDRY: NOTES AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

BY F. SYDNEY EDEN

T HE heraldry of Fishes. Fishes are no exception to the rule that almost every kind of living creature, from man down to "epitiles and insects, finds a place either as a crest or as a charge on a coat of arms upon a helm. Under the designation "Fish" I include, for heraldic purposes, all fish-like creatures, whether strictly within that description or not. Thus, I should include the shark, whale, dolphin, stellifish, eels and dolphins when they occur in heraldry.

As might be expected, there are many examples of punning in the heraldry of fish. The family of Troutbeck bear three silver trout freckled in triangle in a blue field, but the three silver trout here on a blue field, red powdered with gold crosses. Then we have on a black ground three silver salmon breathing for Salmon and three gold dolphins swimming in pale on blue for



Fig. I. Arms of the Company of Fishmongers

bishop to London in the XVth century in the person of Richard Fitzjames, a silver embossed dolphin in a blue field and Valdegraves (from the French) Braham, gold three blue dolphins breathing. To return to the punning coats of arms, the family of Soles of Brabham, Cambridge-shire, bears in a silver field a red chevron between three silver dolphins breathing in pale. The family of Boreham bore a dolphin in chief, a heraldic device of the same name, but the heraldic dolphin is a fish-like creature, whether strictly within that description or not. Thus, I should include the shark, whale, dolphin, stellifish, eels and dolphins when they occur in heraldry.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers



Fig. II. Arms of the Salt Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers—silver three dolphins swimming in pale between two pairs of lucis saltirewise proper crowned or on a chief gules three pairs of crossed keys.

The coat of arms of the Company of Fishmongers

These three arms are from the Cistercian charter of Whalley, Lancashire, bore in a red field three whales breathing each one with a crozier in its mouth all gold.

We may also mention the arms, although not strictly heraldic, of the Chinese chrysanthemum.

Henry VIII another company, the Salt Fishmongers, was incorporated with it, the joint company bearing the above arms : the arms of the Salt Fishmongers had been—Azure three pairs of keys in saltire or on a chief gules three dolphins.

A similar example is the coat of de Barre. In a blue field powdered with gold crosses bottony fitchy two barbels breathing back to back or within a bordure engrailed gules a coat which, while the bordure appears, in the fifth quarter, in the arms of Queen Elizabeth I, in which are those of the first foundress of the College, Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI. The barbel was first brought into English heraldry by John Count de Barre, whose brother married Alianore, daughter of Edward I.

Many families whose names do not suggest any fish or fish-like creature best fish in their arms, but their numbers and the interest attaching to them call for more consideration than can be given to them here, and the reader will find much to interest him in the True Use of Armoury showed by History and plainly proved by

double-headed spread eagle sable with a silver escutcheon on its breast bearing a saliente charged with a hatching or all within a bordure gules. Crest : a black eagle rising with the motto, on a scroll above it, *Resresco*. Motto : *Resresco non sicut serpens*. The crest of the Baronets of Nova Scotia, the arms of Scotland on a St. Andrew's cross on silver ensigned with a royal crown and the motto—*Fas Montis honeste gloria*. The Scots Order of Baronets of Nova Scotia was created by Charles I, 1625 to reward families for their contribution to Nova Scotia. The scheme was not a success, and no baronets of the Order were created after the Parliamentary Union between England and Scotland in 1707.

Le (Edens). The arms on page 122 of the sixteenth-century seal are for Wyvrey. They read—argent a chevron engrailed between 3 buckle horns sable stringed or. The Wyvleys are a Leicestershire family to which belonged Sir Robert Wyvley, a popular Rouge Croissant knight of Arms in May, 1466. He wrote *The True Use of Armoury* showed by History and plainly proved by



Fig. III. The Arms on the shield belonging to several families.

ANSWERS

O. N. (Oxford). Arms on an unnamed bookplate (Fig. III). Three bulls' heads cabossed sable in a silver field with the motto *Nec Injuria Nec Beneficii Invenit*.

The arms on the shield belong to several families—Bull of Pole, Devon ; Jones of Carmarthen ; Prices of Becknock ; Morris of Monmouth ; and with the bulls' heads armes on a Wavy crest of Bays. Dallford, Devon. As, however, I have not yet found a record of these arms with the crest of a stinging lion, I cannot at present give a name to this crest. I am continuing my search, which I hope will be successful.

J. G. (Romford). The arms on a porcelain cup which you describe are those of Maxwell of Monreux, Baronets of Nova Scotia, so crested in 1681. They read : argent a

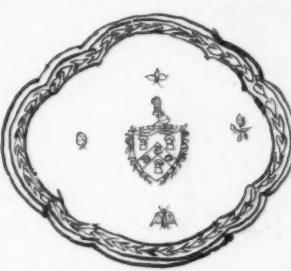


Fig. IV. The Arms of Edes of West Auckland on a dish

ANSWERS

Examples," and was a diligent collector of manuscripts and church notes, many of which are in the College of Arms.

W. F. (Woodford). Arms on a silver castor (about 1780)—Gules a crescent within an orle of castles and a bordure or with crest—cochatrice gules collarled or. These are the arms of Burton, an old Shropshire family whose arms also, though probably not exactly the same, are the same as those of the Heraldic Visitation of Derbyshire in 1602 and stiled by William Dugdale, Norroy King-of-Arms.

The Museum at Reading has the formal possessions of Miss Mitford, the author of *Our Village*, who died in 1855, the author of *Our Village*, and a writer of no mean order of many subjects, details of which will be found in the Dictionary of National Biography "under her name.

75

OLD ENGLISH TEA CADDIES BY G. BERNARD HUGHES



Top : Decorated with curled paper work
Bottom : Tortoiseshell and ivory

Dark tortoiseshell enlivened with ivory

Fruitwood with inlay,

Heppelewhite inlaid with satinwood and mahogany

Ivory inlaid with tortoiseshell

ENGLAND first tasted tea, somewhat timidly, in the early years of the Stuarts, but not until about 1653 did the pleasures of drinking it begin to be appreciated by the English housewife. In those early days tea was pronounced "te" or "tay," the pronunciation being common in the Black Country to-day.

Being costly, tea leaf was a very precious commodity, always jealously guarded by the mistress of the house. The custom in Queen Anne's and early George's days was for tea to be served in a separate room, because it was boiled at the table in a kettle having a spirit lamp beneath. Each guest was given a small helping of tea placed in a shallow cup by the housekeeper. Hot water was then added, and the liquid was then drunk the most leaves were consumed as a great delicacy.

Owing to its high price tea was kept in a special container variously called tea caddy, tea-chest, or tea-box. The tea caddy was derived from the Chinese portmanteau, which is called a carry, and is equal in size and a third armoiries. The first caddies were sometimes wide-mouthed stoppered jars of blue-and-white porcelain, similar in shape to the modern ginger jar, but more

often they were of cylindrical or square bottle form, with short necks. These were imported with the tea, but in later years they were made by the Chelsea, Bow and Derby potters. The imported caddies were made of the finest quality wood, for instance, Chippendale, who had tea caddies with oval bowls, attached great importance to these bowls which had close-fitting lids and were enclosed in rich silk brocade bags.

After 1700 these caddies were fitted into dainty little boxes, usually with a lock and key to safeguard the treasured leaf. Usually the boxes were divided into two divisions, one for black tea, the other for green tea. Soon a certain connoisseurship was introduced in which was the art of brewing, the preparation of tea and sugar of those days. The sugar was cut from the cone-shaped loaf with a pair of richly chased and engraved sugar nippers.

Tea caddies soon became fashionable. The earliest, made about 1700, were very small, holding from four to sixteen ounces of tea. They were octagonal in shape with a pepper shaker form of neck and cover. Most early silver caddies were made in pairs, with teapot and



Fig. V. TEA-SET bearing the well-known coat of Russell

These things, which were given to the Reading Museum in 1926, consist of a china tea-set of the first half of the XVIIth century, decorated in colour with the arms of Russell, the maiden name of Miss Mitford's mother, and also a cup which will be dealt with elsewhere in ANGLO. I hope.

The tea-set is clearly shown in the photograph here reproduced (Fig. V), and for which I am indebted to the courtesy of the British Museum Galleries and Museum. The arms, on its ornamental shield, are painted pink. The cup, saucer and saucer base, which are apart from the rest of the set, are the well-known coat of Russell—a lion rampant gules on a chief sable 3 acorns argent. Crest : a white goat walking with gold horns and hoofs. The base of the cup is decorated with a spray of red and yellow roses dotted about the several pieces. The bluish white underglaze of this porcelain suggests, I believe, that it is Early Bow Ware, though it is not marked; the other spots to the teapots are noticeable features of the set.

A correspondent has sent me a drawing of another piece of armorial china. The original is a fruit or vessel dish belonging to the late XVIIth century and was coffee decorated with the arms of Edes of West Auckland, Co. Durham (Fig. IV). The arms are gules on a chevron argent between 3 garbs or banded over three escallops sable. Crest : a simone (decoy) shouldered with a garb. Motto : *Resresco non sicut serpens* (properly cr.). It is probable that the arms were painted in China by a Chinese artist, for the armour of the crest is more like a blue west than stems and the garb in the crest is more like a golden garb. The base of the dish is round the edge of the dish is light apple-green decorated with gold leaves between two gold lines and floral and other decoration consists of rose tendrils and flowers and insects—a motif of a fly and a ladybird. Hand-painted colours on the base below the rim the two handles.

This tea and coffee set was painted either for Robert Edes, M.D., who died at Tours at the end of the XVIIth century, or for his brother, Cuthbert Edes, M.D., of Houghton-le-Spring in the City of Durham, and son

pieces if it have passed to members of the family, among them my correspondent, who is a great-granddaughter of Dr. Robert Edes above referred to.

Please, may we call to mind that William Edes, first Lord Auckland (1744-1814), distinguished as a statesman and diplomatist, and the son of the famous Pitt, the younger brother of William Pitt, belonged to this family, being the third son of Sir Robert Edes, third Baronet of West Auckland. Lord Auckland's great influence upon the political events of his time is clearly proved by "The Journal and Correspondence of William Lord Auckland," edited by his son, Robert, third Lord Auckland and Bishop of Bath and Wells (a vol. London, Bentley, 1901).

SHORTEST NOTICES. By Perspic

The exhibition of paintings and drawings by Paris by English and foreign artists at the Institute Français, Queenberry Place, South Kensington, is somewhat disappointing, though it contains a great variety of pictures and drawings from Sketch Boys to Feliks Repovs. The most interesting picture is a portrait of Sir William Rittenstein's series of portraits, drawings, and amongst the paintings those by Celia Bedford and George Sandilands, which at least suggest something of the once gay city as one remembers it. There is nothing to see and I may have missed things of greater importance.

Other exhibitions are :

"Flowers and Fruits," at the Nicholson Gallery which opened on Monday evening at St. James's Place ; and Animal Art in China and the East, at the Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1, neither of which were ready for inspection at the time of going in Press.

WHAT IS AN ARTIST? (Continued from page 61) and could not answer because of the gap between the artist and his corporate patrons : they did not meet on common ground, not, that is, in the sense in which say a Giotto, or a Raphael or a Reynolds could meet his public.

If then the planning for the future organization of society, now in its infancy, is not merely a passing phase of enthusiasm, such as swept the world before the French Revolution and during the Napoleonic Wars, then the democratic artist must meet the democratic patrons on a common ground of mutual understanding. High art cannot be transferred by potting on unfavourable ground, it must grow naturally out of cultivated soil.

Democracy is the life of Lincolnian Democracy, must lie by the people, of the people, for the people.

Its value as Witness of Truth and Beauty is a matter we cannot judge ; that must be left to Posternity—who judge an Epoch by the Art it has produced.

76

sugar basin on saucers. During 1725 they began to be decorated in the French style and were often square-sided with sliding lids. About 1730 the sugar caddies and the sugar basin were fitted into a casket of Chapman's moulds in silver or gold. The tea caddies, however, as the century progressed and tea became cheaper, silver caddies became larger and were shaped and decorated like their contemporaries.

Tea-caddies were made from ivory, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, ebony, paper mache, Battersea enamel, Sheffield plate, pewter, as well as silver and porcelain and woods of all kinds. As the price of tea continued to fall the quality of the caddies followed suit. In the early years of the XVIIIth century the tea caddies were generally made of mahogany or rosewood.

The tea-boxes, which fitted into the wooden caddies, had lids and were lined with lead foil or the parchment of China. Each tea caddy held about a pound of tea and usually had fixed to it a silver label marked either Green or Bohea. In the majority of tea caddies a space was made for the caddy spoon. This was

frequently finished with little brass balls as feet and brass rings handles as ornaments.

The period that is of most interest to the average tea caddy collector is indeed the period of the XVIIIth century. During these years caddies were produced in great profusion, revealing the influence of the master cabinet makers and the Adams Brothers, Pergolesi and Angelica Kauffmann.

Typical specimens of this period include rectangular boxes with tortoiseshell or ebony sides and tops, the edges and handles being of ivory. Every caddy was made with edges of ebony or mahogany. The corners were rounded and the base one or two wide to cover circular or oval boxes. Feet were never fitted to these caddies, but keyhole shields and handles of silver were general. Boxes of mother-of-pearl, usually applied in small panels or inlaid with silver and framed with handles and corners of silver, were things of great beauty.

oval caddies of painted wood were very distinctive and handsome. Their colouring was vivid and designs



Superb set of three fruit-shaped caddies in natural colours
Courtesy : Stewart Acton

Silver mounted fruit-shaped caddy
Courtesy : W. B. Greenwood

are flattish, open-bottomed short-handled affair usually made of the same kind of material as the caddy and used to measure out the leaf.

Wooden caddies of the Chippendale period were generally made with curved outlines and richly carved lids and feet. Mahogany was the wood most favoured, although satinwood, harewood, maple, burr walnut, rosewood and fruit woods were all used. In the more expensive specimens the caddies were carefully carved to observe the natural effects of the natural grain figuring of the wood. Knots of ivory, ebony, or silver were fitted.

Heppelewhite's cabinet outlines were simpler and more rounded than those of Chippendale. Instead of the lid usually fitted a plinth, and, while mahogany was the fashion, delicate veneers were in great demand. Sheraton usually made his caddies of satinwood or rosewood bordered with silver and inlaid with silver and bone.

Some were oval, and the majority were rectangular or square in shape, often embellished with marquetry, with medallions of shells, sprays, lotuses, wreaths, and bouquets set in the centre of each face. They were

depicted conventional flowers, crests, allegorical scenes, Adam-like festoons, and medallions showing Grecian figures. Oval and hexagonal boxes lacquered black and dotted with gilt stars or rosettes and ornamented with gold filigree borders to the top and bottom of the XVIIIth century. Paper mache caddies of peculiar shapes decorated with so-called mother-of-pearl—really nautilus shell—painted and bronzed, were made after 1820.

Tea caddies became much plainer in conception after 1820. The casket shape with tapering lines was once again resorted to ; and, although mother-of-pearl was frequently added into these faces, they were generally by the use of bone inlays. The Regency tea-caddy was sometimes fixed upon a slender pedestal with tripod feet. It was then known as a tea-poy. These were usually made of rosewood, occasionally of mahogany. The boxes were oval and the tea-caddies were often hinged, each neatly fitting into its own compartment. Between the tea-boxes nested two cut-glass sugar bowls. The lid sometimes contained a bevelled mirror or good quality.

78

77

